

## cadmium red

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29526357) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29526357>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - College/University</a> , <a href="#">artist dream</a> , <a href="#">Nude Model George</a> , <a href="#">Figure Painting</a> , <a href="#">Strangers to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Friends With Benefits</a> , <a href="#">Not Actually Unrequited Love</a> , <a href="#">Love Confessions</a> , <a href="#">Getting Together</a> , <a href="#">Body Worship</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Dream</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Size Difference</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-18 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 17815

## cadmium red

by [luckylikeyou](#), [timelimez](#)

### Summary

Dream is an art major stuck with an insufferably boring professor, but his interest in the class is instantly peaked when a cute international student is hired to model for figure painting exercises.

Computer science major George decides to take up an offer from the art department, and he suddenly finds himself modeling for a guy with paint stained hands who is maybe just a little obsessed with him.

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

hi everyone its lucky!!! me and lime have both been brainrotting over this artist au and we somehow managed to collectively write 17k in about a week which is crazy, but we're both really excited to be posting this! the first chapter was written by me (lucky) and the second chapter was written by lime.

obligatory disclaimer that dream and george have said they are fine with fanfiction but we will definitely take it down if they ever change their mind :)

we hope u guys enjoy it!!!

“Alright, class, let me say a few things before you leave.”

Dream lifted his arm out from where it was buried in his backpack, busy stuffing all of his art supplies hastily into his bag. He quickly zipped it up while his professor droned on, reminding them of various deadlines, assignments, group projects, other bullshit that Dream couldn't care less about. He had been itching to leave as soon as he arrived to class—tapping his foot, spinning his pencil, biting his nails, just watching as the hands on the clock dragged by agonizingly slowly. For an art major, he thought he would be more excited to attend painting class. Maybe it's the ADHD, or maybe it's the insufferably boring professor, but he was ready to go home an hour ago.

After her far too long announcements, Dream's professor finally ended her spiel with one final reminder.

“And don't forget, we will start figure painting this Wednesday.”

Dream's ears perked up at those words. Figure painting? When had she ever mentioned that? Was it when he had his earbuds in blaring music while working, or was it when he was completely zoned out and staring at the floor while thinking about how much he would like to go home? Doesn't matter, Dream was paying attention now, at least. But to his frustration, it seemed like his professor was finished speaking as soon as he started to tune in. Whatever. He slung his bag over his shoulder, and followed the crowd of his classmates out of the room.

Figure painting could be fun. He had done it a few times before in his drawing classes, but this will be his first time painting rather than drawing. Not that he was complaining, oil paints had always been his preferred medium anyways. Figure painting had always been a bit of a challenge for him, having to transfer the 3D scene in front of him into a two-dimensional sketch on paper, but challenges were fun to Dream.

As he untangled the shitty, cheap headphones he had stuffed into his pocket and shoved them into his ears, he wondered what kind of subject they would be painting. Would it be a man or a woman? Would they be old, young, pale, dark? He hoped that they would be nice to look at, at least, because he would have to sit down and look at them for two hours straight.

A thought suddenly popped into Dream's head that made him shiver. Would it be a *nude* model? His professor mentioned something about the state of the model's clothes, he just can't remember

whether she said they would be present or not. Oh god.

Dream was entirely too awkward to have to stare at someone's nude body for that long and in that much detail... But as an art major, it was something to be expected. He wished he had paid a little more attention to his professor today, because he was sure he must have been zoned out whenever the topic was brought up. He supposed he would just have to find out whether they would be clothed or not when he showed up to class on Wednesday. Dream rubbed his eyes and sighed.

...

Dream's paint stained palms were sweating as the class waited for the model to arrive. He had unpacked all of his supplies and set up his canvas on the easel lightning fast, and now he was hesitantly perched on the edge of his chair while the rest of the students were still getting set up. His professor walked in the room, waiting for the class to quiet their chatter so she could speak.

"Okay, everyone, the model will be here shortly. Make sure you have all of your things ready, we will begin with an underpainting like you've been taught, remember to lay out the values before going in with your colors."

Dream was half-listening, already about to tune out like he always does when she said something that caught his attention.

"A reminder that the model will be nude, this *is* a figure painting exercise and the goal is to give you practice with painting the human body, and the human body's natural state does not include clothes. Think about how the skin stretches over bone, how it folds, the proportions and angles of the limbs, got it?" The class mumbled their assent and she clapped. "Great! I'll go get the model."

Dream waited anxiously for the model to arrive. He wasn't even sure why he was so nervous. It just felt too intimate to stare at someone's naked body for hours, even if it was for a class. He fiddled with the hem of his sweater, picking it apart when he heard the distinct sound of his professor's heels clicking into the classroom. He lifted his head to see his professor standing in the doorway along with a young man.

The first thought that crossed Dream's mind was that he was pretty. He had fair skin and dark brown hair, eyes brown, too, and was dressed in a simple black robe. He couldn't take his eyes off the man as he walked into the center of the classroom and stood next to the chair that was placed there for him. The man looked up at the professor, silently asking if it was alright to undress, and she nodded.

Dream inhaled sharply as the man's long, thin fingers wrapped around the fabric belt securing the robe, slowly undoing it as if unwrapping a present. Dream was gripping his paintbrush so hard it could have snapped as he opened up the robe, exposing large amounts of pale skin. Some of the students looked away out of instinct, but Dream couldn't have taken his eyes off the sight if he wanted to.

Pretty was an understatement. The man's body was long and thin, fair with small freckles dotting his body, trailing pretty constellations across his ribs, his back, his chest, his shoulders. His neck was smooth, going down to meet his gorgeous collarbones. Fuck, his collarbones were perfect, the bones curled from his shoulders down to the base of his neck with pale, unblemished skin stretched taut across them. His stomach was thin but lean, and his ribs were just barely visible under his skin, they stuck out slightly but were absolutely beautiful in the best way. His legs were slender and Dream couldn't help the way his eyes dragged all the way from his toes up his shins, past his thighs and then—

Okay, he was definitely having thoughts he shouldn't be having in the middle of class. Dream needed to be professional, this man was a paid model and this was an academic setting. Although Dream wouldn't mind paying the model himself to see him in a different setting, but that was beside the point.

The professor took his robe from him and laid it on an empty table. He looked up at her with his wide brown eyes expectantly, and Dream was practically drooling.

"Alright, you can just sit however you want for this first session. We can try different poses later, but for now, just sit comfortably."

He nodded and carefully leaned back in the chair, one arm propped upon the backrest and the other one resting on his thigh. Dream picked up his brush in a shaky hand, dipping it into the oil and then picking up some Burnt Umber on the tip of the bristles. He had to force his eyes off of the model to prepare his paintbrush, but as soon as it was ready to go, his eyes were glued on the man's stunning body once more.

Dream's eyes darted back and forth between the model and his canvas. He carefully placed his brush down on the primed canvas, sketching in the dark values of the composition. He blocked out the rough shapes of the shadows on his face, under his jaw, and beneath his arms and legs. Dream dragged his brush across the canvas in bold lines, coloring in the man's dark hair and further deepening the shadows. This was only the underpainting, but Dream already found himself anticipating getting into the final stages of the painting, the finishing details. He wanted to paint the little wisps of the man's hair, the freckles dotting his chest, the subtle shadows of his ribs poking out from his skin. Realistically, they wouldn't have time for that in one class period. The figure paintings are mostly meant to be short exercises, but a man can dream.

He heard his professor speaking and tuned it out like always, but this time not because he was bored, but because he couldn't take his attention off the model even if he wanted to. Dream was hyper focused on capturing every shadow and highlight of the man's beautiful body. Every now and then he would find himself staring longer than necessary, just admiring the beauty. The model was art himself, he didn't need a painting to prove it.

Dream was busy staring at the model intently, eyes following the curves of his legs and the sharp angle of his arms, when his gaze moved up to his face and he found brown eyes staring right back at him. He couldn't help the way that he jumped, the man's stare was too unexpected and piercing. The man smiled when he saw Dream jump, and then his eyes returned to gazing aimlessly around the room.

Dream noticed that his hands were shaking when he returned them to the canvas. He didn't know why he was feeling like a nervous teenager on his first date, but the man's beauty was just completely overwhelming. He looked around at his classmates to see them all focused and diligently painting, and it was utterly baffling. How were they not as captivated as Dream was?

The class seemed to pass by in the blink of an eye. He wasn't sure how he went from counting down the minutes till class ended to wanting to stay an extra hour late just to look at the model more. He nearly sighed in disappointment when the man put his robe back on; thank god he stopped himself, because that would have been utterly embarrassing. He unfortunately had to take his eyes off the pretty model to pack his art supplies back up, capping the tubes of paint and cleaning off his brushes in the mineral spirits. Dream nearly jumped out of his skin when a voice came from behind him.

"Wow, that's really good," the model said, peering at Dream's canvas from over his shoulder.

Dream's first two thoughts are 1. *His voice is pretty*, and 2. *He's British?*

His thoughts were jumbled around in his brain from surprise and as he tried to scramble for words to reply with, he ended up landing on the eloquent response of: "You're pretty British."

The man giggled and Dream thought he might die with how hard he was trying to act natural.

"Yeah, I'm an international student," he informed. "Your painting is really good, though. You have great attention to detail."

Dream didn't have it in him to tell him that he paid so much attention to his details because he was probably the most beautiful human being he had ever seen. As he leaned closer to the canvas to take a better look, Dream thought he was about to combust when he smelled the man's cologne. Fuck.

"Thank you," Dream mumbled, thankful that he didn't stutter over his words again. The model moved on to another student's canvas, complimenting them on their work. Dream had to force down the bitter feeling that he was not being complimented by the pretty model anymore, but he shakes his head. The model didn't owe him anything. Dream was the one that started drooling like a dog when he took off his robe.

He hurriedly finished packing up his supplies, and left the classroom. The only thoughts that occupied his mind for the rest of the day were about the model's gorgeous body and how impatient he was to see it again.

...

Dream was convinced this guy must be magic or something, because this was the first time he had actually been excited to return to painting class. He practically skipped into the classroom and hastily set up his easel and supplies. He was itching to see the model again, to study every detail of his body. It sounded bad, but it wasn't exactly a sexual thing, per se—Dream just appreciated art, and that man was art himself.

His breathing hitched when the model walked in again. He was wearing the same robe as before, talking to one of Dream's classmates and laughing. His smile was adorable, so mesmerizing just like every other part of him. His elegant fingers were playing with the belt of the robe like he didn't realize just how much he was tormenting Dream.

"Alright, George, I've gotta go get my easel set up," his friend said, waving to the model.

George? Is that his name? It was a little underwhelming for someone so breathtaking, but Dream didn't mind.

The professor gave George a couple of poses to do while the class painted him. They're rather simple, but Dream was convinced that he would look good no matter how he positions his body. Dream thought about how he would pose him if he was the professor, how he would manipulate his elegant body into just the right position, pose him like a pretty doll. Just the thought had a warmth building in Dream's stomach.

He didn't know why he found George's body so mesmerizing, and he failed to understand why the rest of the class didn't see him the same way. While he was painting, he couldn't stop from just staring at his flawless pale skin, the dips and curves of his thighs, the smooth plane of his stomach. George caught him staring a few times, and every time Dream quickly averted his eyes and returned to his painting, hoping that when he looked back at George he wouldn't be watching

Dream. He never was.

The class flew by just as quickly as it did last time, leaving Dream wanting more. He wanted to paint George for hours, stay at the school until night fell, ignore how much his hand was aching from holding it up to paint.

He watched as George picked up his robe and dressed himself again, leaving the classroom barefooted. Dream sighed and finished packing up his supplies.

...

George was scheduled as their figure painting model for three weeks. When the day finally came where the professor announced this would be George's last session until further notice, Dream felt immeasurable disappointment. He was sure that the rest of the students were fine with moving on to another subject, but Dream could paint George for the rest of his life and never be sick of it.

It was rather pathetic, but Dream even started drawing George in his free time. Sketching his body in his sketchbooks, using his own paintings as stand-ins for the real thing. All of the figure paintings they did in class were quick and lacking detail, but Dream's hands itched to paint a complete image of him, including every detail of his body. He wanted that so badly, to worship George's body via his art.

Dream wracked his brain for any way he could continue to keep painting George. Maybe he could ask him if he could take pictures? No, that would be weird and ruin the purpose of figure painting, which was to transfer three dimensional space onto a two dimensional canvas. The university must be paying him to do these sessions, there's no way he would do it for free. Dream pulled out his phone and checked his banking app. He sucked his teeth, glanced up at George, and then glanced back down at his phone. Well, anything for art, right?

Dream hesitantly walked up to George. His heart felt like it was about to burst out of his chest, and the thumping against his ribs only got stronger when George looked up at him.

"Hi," he said, smiling up at Dream. Dream felt himself start to sweat.

"Hey, I was wondering how much the university pays you for your modeling?" he asked. Alright, simple and easy enough. He could do this.

"Oh, they pay me 12 dollars an hour. Were you interested in modeling for figure painting?" he asked.

"No, I just, um—" *Come on, spit it out, Dream*, "I was wondering if I could pay you to... model for me? I can do it at the same rate as the school."

George looked surprised when the words came out of Dream's mouth. He stood there for a moment and didn't respond, and Dream wanted to curl up in a hole and die. Was his request too weird? Was he going to scare George off? Oh god, George probably thought he was a creep. Dream wiped his sweaty palms off on his pants and waited for George's response.

"Um, sure. Where do you want me to model? For another class?"

Dream was definitely going to seem like a creep with his next sentence.

"No, like, for me." He coughed. "In my apartment."

George's eyes widened, and Dream started planning all the different routes he could take to run out

of the building. The front entrance, the back door, the window, the fire escape...

"I'm fine with that. Do you want my number so we can arrange something?" George offered, and Dream exhaled in relief.

He nodded hesitantly and pulled his phone out of his pocket with clammy hands. His shaking fingers opened the contacts app and pulled up a new contact, waiting for the information to be put in. He was ready to type in the numbers he thought George was going to read aloud, but instead George took his phone from his hand and typed everything in himself.

His skin buzzed with electricity from where George's hand had touched his. Their hands were so different, Dream's were bigger and paint-stained and George's were unblemished and perfect, long skinny fingers typing in the numbers with ease.

"Okay, you can text me later so I'll have your phone number," George said, handing Dream's phone back to him.

"Okay, cool," Dream says, trying to sound nonchalant and hide the shake in his voice.

"I forgot to ask, what's your name?" George looked up at him when he said this, and Dream thought he might stop breathing. He was so close and his eyes were so pretty and he could smell his cologne again—

"My name is Dream," he replied, but this time he couldn't hide the nervousness in his words. George gave him a reassuring smile.

"Alright, Dream, just text me later," is all he said, and then he exited the classroom. Dream's shaky hand deposited the phone back into his pocket. Okay, that could have gone worse.

...

He had to build up the courage to text George later that day, but they finally got to schedule a time and date for George to come to his apartment.

George was going to come to his apartment. Dream had to take a deep breath and calm himself down every time he thought about it.

Dream spent the entire morning cleaning his messy apartment, he wanted to make sure everything was perfect for when George arrived. He took an ottoman from one of his chairs and placed it in the corner of his room, then draped a bedsheet across it to create a blank background for George to sit on. He then gathered all of his painting supplies and set everything up.

He paced around his apartment while he waited for George to arrive. Since he was not in class and didn't have to listen to his professors instructions, Dream sat and pondered what poses he wanted to put George in. It was almost thrilling to be able to position him in any way he wants, move his perfect body until he got the exact composition he wanted. For this painting he didn't want to do just the rough shapes like they had been doing in class, he wanted to render the painting completely until every detail was perfect.

Dream was brought out of his thoughts by a knock at the door. He hurriedly walked towards it, opening it up to see George standing there. It was different seeing him in casual clothes, Dream was so used to the simple black robe he wore (or didn't wear, perhaps) during class. He was wearing simple jeans and a big, oversized black hoodie that practically engulfed his body. He looked cute.

“Hi, you can come in,” Dream said, opening the door wide so George could step inside. George gazed around his apartment, taking everything in, and Dream suddenly felt embarrassed. It wasn’t the prettiest apartment, it lacked decoration and was pretty bare, but that was kind of expected from a broke college student. He silently gestured for George to follow him, leading him to his room where he had all of his supplies set up.

George hesitantly looked up at him. “Do you want me to take off my clothes?”

Dream could feel the heat spreading on his cheeks. He nodded his head. It shouldn’t be any different than watching him undress at the school, but for some reason it felt more personal. More intimate. He politely turned his head when George started to take off his pants, then returned his gaze to him when George was sitting patiently on the bed sheet covered ottoman, clothes piled in the floor next to him.

“Okay,” Dream began, swallowing down the lump in his throat. “Can you sit sideways, kinda facing away from me?”

George did as he asked and turned his back to him.

“Alright, now lean back with one arm behind you and turn your head so I can see your profile,” he instructed.

George followed his instructions. It was almost exactly what he wanted, but George’s shoulder was too high and his chin was too low, so it was obscuring his face. Dream walked over to him and placed two fingers under his chin, tilting his head up so that it was at the right angle. He felt the way that George stiffened underneath him at the touch, and Dream suddenly realized what he had just done.

“Sorry! I’m sorry, I should’ve asked before I touched you,” he stammered.

“It’s fine,” George said. “Is this the position you want me in?”

Dream’s mind suddenly fell in the gutter and all he could think about were those exact words but in a different context. He flushed red and hurriedly stuttered out a ‘yes’ then sat in the chair behind his easel, picking up his paintbrush and preparing to begin.

Just like in all of the figure paintings he had done before, he picked up his brush and began blocking in the shadows and highlights of the composition. The strong light source coming from his window made the shadows contrast more with his pale skin compared to the diffused fluorescent lights of the classroom at the school. Dream could already tell this would be a good painting if he pulled it off correctly.

George suddenly spoke up, dragging Dream out of his focused state. “So why did you want me to model for you privately? I figured everyone in your class was tired of looking at me for hours every week.”

“Not me,” Dream said before he could stop himself. George’s eyes widened, and Dream quickly tried to save himself. “I mean, I got tired of doing quick sketches and rough paintings, I wanted to do a fully finished piece. And you’re a good model.”

“Thanks,” George said, and Dream might have thought he even sounded a little shy.

Dream painted in silence for a good while, letting his brain focus solely on the soft curves and harsh lines of George’s body and transferring them to canvas. Dream noticed that George had started to shift uncomfortably where he was sitting.



“You okay? Do you need a break?” Dream asked.

“Yeah, my neck is starting to hurt.”

Dream quickly checked the time and saw that it had been nearly two hours since he began painting.

“We can cut it off here for today,” Dream said, putting down his paintbrush. He hadn’t even noticed it but his arm had started to ache as well. “You can get dressed.”

George nodded and stood up, grabbing his clothes off the floor and dressing himself again. Dream averted his eyes to be polite, but god, did he want to stare.

“Can I see?” George asked, gesturing to Dream’s easel.

“No, I want you to wait until it’s completed,” Dream said, standing up from his chair. “Thank you for coming today, I can Venmo you the money if you’d like.”

“Yeah, that’s fine. When do you want me to come next?”

As they stood next to each other, Dream noticed just how tall he was compared to George, and just how cute he looked in that huge hoodie. Fuck, this wasn’t part of the plan.

“Is Friday alright?” Dream asked, walking George to the door and trying to hide the redness on his face.

“I’m fine with that. I’ll see you Friday, Dream,” George said, and they gave their goodbyes.

...

They began to fall into a steady pattern of George showing up twice a week for around two or three hours. After Dream finished his first painting, he showed it to George who was shocked at the quality. He gushed about how well Dream painted him, and how he paid attention to every detail, making sure to include every freckle on his skin. And their sessions didn’t stop even after Dream finished his first artwork, he continued to create painting after painting of George. Different poses, different mediums, different lighting, no two paintings were the same. Dream almost felt bad for making George stick around so he could paint him over and over, but George didn’t seem to mind the money nor the company. They started to have conversations with every session, mindless chatting while Dream worked away. It was nice.

What changed, though, was the subtle tension that began to arise between them. Dream would stare at George’s body for a second too long, he would let his touch linger while moving George into the right position he wanted. And George would stare back. He would meet Dream’s gaze when he was undressing himself, and he would stand too close while Dream was showing him his finished product. The paintings became more painstakingly detailed, with more and more devotion put into each successive work.

“Don’t you ever get tired of painting me? Like, wouldn’t you want to switch it up and get a different model?” George asked one day.

“I’ll never get tired of painting you,” Dream mumbled, focused on blending the flesh tones of George’s face. Dream hardly realized what he said; these days he had been having trouble watching his filter around George.

When he looked up from the canvas, he saw George looking back at him with a light blush across his face. It was pretty. Dream carefully picked up some Cadmium Red on his brush and added it to

the cheeks of the George in his painting to match.

“Yeah?” George asked, like he was unsure if Dream was joking or not.

“Yeah. Your body is gorgeous, I want to paint it all the time. I want to look at it all the time.”

Dream looked up from his canvas to see a look in George’s eyes he can’t quite discern. He looked vulnerable, naked in front of Dream with a blush covering his face.

“Dream...” he said quietly. “Don’t say stuff like that.”

“Why not? I’m being serious.” Dream wanted to sound confident in his words because they were *true*, but the uncertainty worms its way into his sentences—he was terrified he was going to scare George off, but he continues.

“I asked you to model for me privately because I wanted you to myself.”

George was obviously shocked by that statement because he dropped the pose he was holding and stared at Dream. Dream was shocked that he allowed that to come out of his mouth, too. His trembling hand put down the paintbrush and he checked the time.

“I uh—I think our session is over.”

George nodded and silently dressed himself, avoiding all eye contact with Dream. He mumbled something about texting him later, and then was already headed out the front door. The loud sound of the door shutting echoed through his empty apartment. *Shit.*

...

Their next session was tense, to put it lightly. Dream felt so guilty for scaring George off like that, but he did end up coming back, so he supposed he didn’t fuck up nearly as bad as he thought.

During their session, he finally finished the painting he had been working on for the past week or two. He was honestly a little scared to show George this one considering what had happened last time, but he can’t go against their routine now. Their routine of George coming over, undressing, Dream posing him just how he likes, lingering gazes and small talk full of tension, painting, and then the reveal of the finished product. It was a game they had played over and over again so many times in the past month or two, but Dream still felt anxious every time he showed George the completed piece. This time, however, it was different. Not only because of the incident they had in their last session, but also because of the painting itself.

The pose George took in the painting wasn’t any more conspicuous than the ones prior, but the difference was that this was Dream’s first painting of him looking directly at the viewer. That was not all, though. In this artwork, George’s body was covered in paint stains; rainbow marks trailing up his thighs and up onto his chest, marking up his neck and collarbones, too. The paint was smeared in a way that was utterly possessive, marking up George’s pale skin with messy colors eerily similar to the ones that constantly covered Dream’s hands.

When Dream showed George the finished product, he couldn’t bring himself to watch his face and gauge his reaction like he usually did. The only thing he noticed was the way that George’s breathing hitched when he first laid his eyes on the painting.

“Dream, this is...” George trailed off at a loss for words.

Dream didn’t know whether to feel guilty or proud of his work. While the painting was expertly

crafted, one of Dream's best works, it was shameful, self-indulgent, and sensual. Despite better judgement, he finally lifted his gaze to meet George's eyes.

"Do you really look at me this way?" George asked. It came off accusatory, and Dream winced.

"I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable, I can just paint over this canvas and—" Dream began to ramble, but George cut him off.

"No, sorry, I didn't mean it like that. I just didn't know if you thought about me in... that way." George's voice got quieter at the end of his sentence.

"God, yes. I told you last time I want to look at your body all the time, and I wasn't lying," Dream whispered.

They were facing each other, leaning into each other's space with every passing second. George was still barely dressed, he hadn't fully clothed himself again when he walked over to see Dream's finished painting, so he was wearing only his boxers. George's eyes fell on the painting again.

"I didn't know anyone thought about me like this..." he whispered.

"Have you never dated before?"

"No, it's not that, it's just... No one has ever paid me just so they can paint me over and over again, I never thought someone could be so..." George trailed off.

"Obsessed?" Dream finished. George looked up at him and nodded. Dream placed a hesitant hand on George's jawline, tilting his head up.

"Can I kiss you?"

George nodded, and Dream leaned in. He had painted his lips multiple times, and they were just as soft as his brushstrokes made them look. He had to lean down slightly to get a good angle for the kiss, the hand on his jaw tilting his head in just the right position, posing him like he had done countless times before. Dream's possessive hands trailed down George's body, shaking with want. He had seen this gorgeous body every week, painted it over and over, and now that he finally got to *touch* it, he was buzzing with desire.

Dream touched everywhere he possibly could, feeling up George's chest, skating fingertips down his ribs, pressing his thumb into the pulse point on his throat and wrapping the rest of his fingers around the back of his neck to drag him even deeper into the kiss. George fell apart so beautifully underneath him, little noises leaving his mouth as they kissed. Dream pulled away so he could admire the flush on George's cheeks and his lovely lips that were red and slick with spit.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," Dream whispered.

"You aren't so bad yourself," George teased.

Dream laughed and kissed him hard. "Wanna take this to the bed?"

"Yes, please," George whispered breathlessly, and that was all the confirmation Dream needed. He snatched up George's wrist and dragged him over to the bed, pushing him down on it. They kissed again while Dream spent his time touching every inch of George's body.

"I want to feel you George," Dream murmured against his lips. "I've spent so long just looking, you don't realize how badly I have wanted to *touch*."

“Touch me, Dream,” George pleaded, and he did.

Over the past few months spent painting, Dream had yearned to feel George like this. While painting his neck he would think about how smooth it would feel beneath his lips, how incredible the pale skin would look with little red and purple bruises on it. He would blend the shadows on his thighs and his mind would wander to how much he would like to dig his fingers into the soft flesh, pry his pretty legs apart and *take*. And since he had been given the opportunity to make those fantasies real, he did.

Dream’s lips trailed up to George’s throat, pressing soft, barely-there kisses along his neck. He opened his mouth and licked at a spot underneath George’s jawline then attached his lips to the skin and sucked just enough to bring the skin up far enough that he could nibble at it. He sucked and bit at the spot until a pretty red mark was visible. He trailed down and started sucking another mark into George’s collarbone, reveling in the way he shuddered beneath him. Dream bit down harder than before, just enough to pinch and make George moan.

He lifted his head so he could see the marks he left on his throat and collarbones. Possessiveness coursed through Dream’s veins at the sight. He wanted to cover George in hickeys, leave marks proving where he had been, paint his body like a blank canvas and stake his claim. He wanted George to go back to modeling for the figure painting class just so that the rest of the students could see the marks he left, just so that they know that George’s body is his.

He had never felt such utter want over anyone before, and it was terrifying.

Dream leaned back to admire his work, sitting on top of George’s thighs. George looked a mess, hair ruffled and eyes lidded. Dream wished he could capture this image of him so he could paint it, too.

Every time Dream looked at George he would think about how he could paint him, how he could recreate him in that moment. George’s cheeks and lips would be Cadmium Red, the marks on his neck would be Crimson Red and Cobalt Violet, his eyes would be Burnt Umber, and the veins under his skin would be Viridian Green.

“You’re gorgeous,” Dream breathed out.

George laughed quietly from where he was splayed out on the bed. “You already said that. Do you ever get tired of complimenting me?”

“No, never,” Dream said. “I could write an essay on how fucking beautiful your body is.”

“I think the dozens of paintings you’ve already done are enough,” George teased.

Dream’s head dropped back down so that his lips could meet George’s collarbones once more. Instead of sucking hickeys into his skin, this time he just pressed soft kisses to the bone, his mouth traveling down until it met his sternum. He kissed down his chest and then licked a broad stripe across the skin until his mouth was covering George’s nipple. He squirmed and bucked his hips underneath Dream at the sensitive feeling.

“More,” George begged.

“No,” Dream said, taking his mouth off of George’s chest just long enough to speak. “I don’t want to go fast.”

George whined as his back arched and pushed himself into Dream’s touch. “Dream, please.”

“I want to take my time with you, George. Let me worship you.”

And worship Dream did. He kissed and dragged his tongue across every inch of George’s torso, he ran his hands across George’s entire body except for where he wanted them the most, he touched George just about everywhere to find the spots that make him moan. It feels wrong to be touching him in this way; George should be locked up in a museum in a glass cage, no touching, only looking. He was a priceless piece of art, and Dream felt like a criminal defiling him like this.

“I wanna see you.” George suddenly reached up and grabbed at the bottom hem of Dream’s shirt, tugging at it and encouraging him to take it off.

Dream grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled it off over his head, tossing it aside. As soon as his hands were free again, they returned to their place on George’s body. He gasped as Dream ran a thumb over his nipple, dragging his fingertips down George’s stomach until he had them hooked in the waistband of his boxers.

“Can I?” Dream asked.

“Dream, you’ve seen me naked so many times before, just take them off,” George complained.

“This is different,” Dream insisted. It was true, they already had boundaries that were established for the modeling, but this was entirely new territory. “I don’t want to push you.”

“I’m about to push *you* if both of us aren’t undressed in the next minute.”

Dream crawled off of George so he was able to pull his boxers all the way off his legs. He undid his own pants as well, shoving his underwear down too and throwing both of their clothes in the floor carelessly.

When his gaze fell back on George’s naked body, he nearly moaned out loud. George was right, he had seen him naked dozens of times before, but never like *this*. Never spread out, chest heaving, limbs trembling, and so obviously turned on.

He had seen George’s dick before, he had painted it while it was soft, but this was his first time seeing it in this way, hard and leaking precum down onto his stomach. Dream did this. He made George feel like this.

He pushed George’s thighs apart and settled between them, caressing the soft flesh of his inner thigh. His right hand snaked its way down until he wrapped his fingers around George’s cock. It was lovely how George crumbled under his touch as he began to stroke him. His dick was pretty and pink, and Dream wanted a taste.

“Can I suck you off?” he asked breathlessly.

George threw back his head into the pillows and muffled a groan. “Fuck, yeah, do whatever.”

Dream trailed soft, wet kisses down George’s body until his mouth was hovering over his cock. He gave careful kitten licks on the head and down his shaft, back up until he took the tip into his mouth. George moaned and threaded his hands in Dream’s hair, his grip tightening in pleasure as Dream went down further. Dream took him down as far as he could go then pulled back up and swiped his tongue over the tip again.

George’s legs were closing around Dream’s head subconsciously as he moaned lowly and fisted his hand in Dream’s hair even tighter. He carefully brought his hands up and placed them on George’s inner thighs, opening his legs back up. He pulled off of his dick so he could speak.

“Keep your legs open.”

George whined at his demanding tone and tried to squeeze his thighs together again, but Dream held them down.

“I said keep your legs spread, or I will,” Dream ordered.

George let his legs fall open limply in defeat. He then used his grip on Dream’s hair to pull him back onto his dick. Dream took him back into his mouth and started to bob his head again, taking him all the way down until his nose was pressed into the trail of short hairs at the base of his cock.

“Oh my god, Dream, how are you so good at this?” George moaned, toes curling in pleasure.

Dream didn’t respond, he just kept sucking him off. He wanted to make George feel as good as possible, wanted to show him just how much he obsessed over his body. Dream could spend hours like this, touching George with his lips, his hands, his fingers, his tongue. He wanted to worship his body until there wasn’t an inch of skin left that hadn’t been touched by him.

“Dream, I’m gonna come,” George moaned. His hands had started guiding Dream’s head up and down his cock, making him go at just the right pace. Spit had begun to smear down Dream’s chin and his jaw was starting to ache, but it was so worth it to have George falling apart beneath him like this. Dream pulled off and looked up at George, who was looking so wrecked. His lips were bitten raw from trying to hold in his moans and his eyes were nearly teary with pleasure.

“Do you want to come like this, or can I fuck you?” Dream asked, his voice hoarse from sucking him off.

“Oh, please fuck me,” George whispered with wide eyes, like he hadn’t even considered the idea until Dream said it.

He sat up and wiped the spit from his chin. George looked like a mess, but Dream is sure he looked just as bad himself.

“Are you okay with that? I don’t want to push you to do anything you’re uncomfortable with.”

George reached up and grabbed the back of Dream’s neck, pulling him down into a rough kiss. Dream’s jaw still ached from the blowjob, but he allowed George to kiss him hard until they were both breathless. They pulled apart and Dream shivered at the look in George’s eyes.

“Fuck me.”

Dream groaned. Okay, yeah, he could do that.

He crawled off the bed and rifled around in his drawers looking for lube and condoms. He finally snatched them up when he found them, returning to his spot on the bed between George’s spread thighs. George eyed the items in Dream’s hand as he placed them on the bed, then met Dream’s gaze. He looked like he wanted to say something, but was keeping silent.

“What is it? Do you want to stop?” Dream asked in concern. George now looked slightly embarrassed, so he gently rubbed his stomach in a comforting manner.

“No, definitely not, it’s just...” George trailed off for a moment. “Can you skip the condom?”

Dream’s brain went wild at the thought of fucking him raw, but he still needed to be rational.

“George, this is our first time, I want to be on the safe side.”

“I want you to come inside me,” he blurted out. “And I’m clean, I’ve been tested. Please.”

Dream knew he was clean, too, and despite better judgement, he found himself nodding in agreement. Fuck, his head was spinning at the thought of coming inside George. If they were both clean and George wanted it, he couldn’t deny the primal voice in his brain telling him to fill him up and claim him.

“Yeah, okay,” Dream murmured and grabbed the lube bottle. He spread George’s legs a little further so he could get better access, then uncapped the bottle and squirted the lube onto his fingers.

“Tell me if you ever need me to stop,” He said, and then he pushed one finger inside George.

George exhaled slowly at the feeling, and Dream began to pump his finger in and out of him. Dream wanted to take his time, but George was quickly whispering for him to add another, so he did. He pushed two slick fingers inside George and felt the way his body shuddered around them as he pushed them in and out and spread them, opening him up. George didn’t seem to be having any difficulty or complaints with the prepping, and it made a thought pop into Dream’s mind.

“How often do you do this to yourself?” He asked.

George looked up at him with hazy eyes. “What?”

“How often do you finger yourself like this?” Dream repeated, thrusting his fingers just a little faster into him. “Do you lay in bed and fuck yourself on your fingers, wishing it was someone else?”

George moaned and covered his face in embarrassment. Dream quickly removed his hands from his face and added a third finger inside of him at the same time, watching as his face contorted in pleasure.

“Answer me,” Dream ordered.

“Yes, yes, all the time, I wished it was you,” George cried, reaching down to touch himself. Dream would’ve reprimanded him for touching without permission, but his brain was currently short circuiting from George’s confession.

It was a little ridiculous considering the situation they were in then, but Dream had never considered that his lust wasn’t one-sided. He always saw George as an unattainable treasure, something to be seen and not held, so to find out that George had wanted him as well was electrifying. He could have George however he wanted now.

“Good boy,” Dream praised.

“I’m stretched, please fuck me,” George begged, pushing his hips back onto Dream’s hand.

“Be patient.” Dream slapped George’s thigh in punishment, which only made him moan louder. Dream grabbed the lube bottle again and poured some onto his hands, then slicked up his cock. The feeling was so, so good, it was the first time he had touched himself the entire time, and so he couldn’t help but stroke himself for a moment.

George whines. “Inside me, now, please.”

“What did I say about being patient?” Dream snapped, but he still got himself lined up with George’s hole. He would’ve asked if George was ready, but with all of the begging he was already

doing, Dream thought it was safe to say he was ready.

He slowly pushed inside, groaning at the feeling of sinking into the tight heat. George had thrown his head back and was panting as Dream thrust inside further, slowly filling him up. Dream was gripping his hips so hard it would surely leave bruises, but that thought only spurred him on to hold even tighter. He wanted to leave bruises, he wanted to paint George's body red and purple all over. He held his breath until he was all the way in, hips pressed flush to George's ass, and then exhaled. The feeling of George's slick, warm walls all around him made him hang his head and squeeze George's hips in an attempt to keep himself from coming instantly.

"Fuck, 'm so full," George murmured under his breath. "Move, Dream."

Dream did as he asked and slowly pulled out then thrust back in. He lazily rocked his hips against George, fucking him slow and letting him get used to his cock. George begged him to go faster and so he began to quicken his pace, holding onto George's hips to give himself good leverage to pull him back onto his cock.

"I want to paint you like this," Dream said breathlessly, "all spread out beneath me. I'd hang you on my wall and show off to everyone that you're mine."

George nodded his head frantically and hooked his ankles behind Dream's back, urging him to go harder. He fucked George hard just like he asked for, watching the way that he broke him apart.

"I wish you would go back to modeling for figure painting just so all the students could see the marks I left on you. They would paint the hickeys on your skin not even knowing I left them, just more paintings and more evidence that your body belongs to me."

He worried that he was being too possessive for their first time together, but George had been nodding and babbling nonsensical agreements to Dream's words. He was nearly out of his mind begging and pleading for Dream to go faster. Dream held him down and fucked him roughly, leaning down until he was covering George's body and caging him in. His mouth fell on George's neck again, but this time he didn't suck or bite, he just kissed his throat softly while he fucked him.

"I'll paint it on you, on your perfect body. I'll get my paints and pick out a pretty color so I can write words all over you," Dream said, his hot breath ghosting over George's neck, causing him to shiver. "I'll write my name across your chest and 'mine' across your ass."

"Yours," George whispered deliriously.

"That's right," Dream whispered back, reaching down between them to grab George's cock. It was still slick with spit and precum allowing his hand to glide smoothly up and down, stroking him quickly. George writhed at the combined pleasure of Dream fucking him and jerking him off at the same time, broken whimpers and moans leaving his mouth.

"Oh my god, Dream!" George yelped when Dream suddenly changed his angle.

"Is that it? Does it feel good there?" He fucked him hard while trying to brush against that spot over and over. George's hands gripped his biceps hard, nails digging into his skin. Dream winced at the feeling, so he grabbed George's hands and linked their fingers together, pushing them down onto the mattress and pinning them on each side of George's head.

Dream's eyes darted over to where their hands were interlocked. His tan hands were covered in paint, pinning down George's paler, unmarked hands. He suddenly got the urge to not just paint George, but to paint *them*, to recreate the image of his hand holding George's hand down on the



bed, his fingers gripping tight in pleasure.

"I'm close," George croaked out. Dream had paused jerking George off in favor of pinning his hands down, but he quickly returned his right hand to his cock again. George keened and arched his back into Dream's touch, silently begging for more. Dream gave him more, tightening his grip slightly and going faster, fucking into him even harder.

"Together, okay?" Dream snaps his hips against George's, feeling himself nearing orgasm as well. "I'll tell you when to come."

George whined at his words. "I'm so close, Dream, I can't hold it."

"You will," he said, gritting his teeth and fucking him hard. "Just a little more."

Dream was so, so close. He thrustured into George a few more times, making sure to brush against his prostate every time, and then leaned down into George's ear.

"Come," he whispered, and George did.

His eyes rolled back and he moaned filthily as he came, spurting come all over his and Dream's stomach. The way he tightened around Dream and just the sight of his face had Dream orgasming too, coming inside of George. The feeling was so dirty but so fucking hot, and knowing that George wanted it, that he asked for it, made it ten times hotter.

"Fuck, George, you're so good," he whispered, lazily fucking into him to ride out his orgasm. He finally pulled out and watched the come leak out of George's spent hole. He couldn't help the way he took his index finger and scooped the come up and carefully pushed it back inside. George whined at the sensitivity, squirming away from his touch.

"Sorry," Dream said, but he didn't sound apologetic in the slightest.

"Thank you," George mumbled, his eyes shut and chest heaving.

"For what?"

"For coming inside," George moaned, squeezing his legs together. Dream's dick nearly twitched at his words and if he hadn't just come, he knew he would be getting hard again.

"Fuck, you really like it that much?" Dream asked.

George nodded and slowly cracked open his eyes, looking at Dream. He looked stunning and utterly defiled. Dream almost felt guilty for breaking such a priceless piece of artwork like him. Dream couldn't believe what just happened. He fucked his beautiful muse he had been painting for months. He leaned down and kissed George's red lips.

"Can we do this again?" Dream murmured.

George nodded and kissed him again. "Yes, please."

Dream chewed his lip. Would this change their dynamic? Of course it would. But Dream thought that it was worth it if he got to see this sight again, George collapsed on the bed, hickies littering his throat and come splattered on his stomach.

"Will you still be my model?" Dream asked, cupping George's cheek and turning his head to face him.

“Of course. But you’ll have to stop paying me or else I’ll feel like a prostitute,” George complained.

Dream laughed and flicked him on the forehead. Maybe this could work.

...

Their routine stayed the same, save for one new addition. George would come over, undress, Dream would paint, and then they would fuck. On Dream’s bed, on the couch, in the shower, over the kitchen counter; anywhere Dream could find a place to bend George over, he took advantage of it.

Now that he could finally touch George’s body, he took every chance he could to own it. Dream would leave dark, possessive marks all over George’s body, making sure everyone knew that George was *his*. It was wonderful.

When George had first showed up as a model for his figure painting class, Dream had only appreciated the aesthetics of his beautiful body, but as their private sessions progressed, his gaze had shifted to something more lustful and full of desire. That shift was obvious and they both felt it, but recently Dream had started to feel another shift happening. He loved the sex, they both loved the sex, but he found himself enjoying the quality time they spent together just talking and painting. Or when they would lie in bed together and come down from their highs, he found himself admiring George’s face not in an objective way, not in a lustful way, but in a way that made his chest feel funny.

He didn’t know what to make of that until it started happening all the time. At every little thing that George would do. Dream could be dense, but he was shockingly aware of these changes as they progressed, and to his horror, he watched himself slowly spiral into where he was now. Helplessly in love with his muse turned fuckbuddy. Great.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

hi! i'm lime! i seriously had so much fun writing this fic, i haven't written anything this plot oriented in so long, so it was super fun :D i'm really glad to have gotten the chance to work with lucky and lose our collective minds over this au. enjoy <3

If you had asked George from just a few months ago if he would ever consider nude modeling, his answer would have been a definite *hell no*.

It wasn't like he was insecure exactly, he'd always been fine with his body, but sitting for hours in front of a room of people staring at him for hours? It just didn't seem very appealing. Especially considering that he'd have to be sitting in the same "artistic" position for hours.

Someone in one of his classes had approached him after a lecture one day, though, explaining to him that an art class she was in was looking for models, and had handed him a wrinkled piece of paper with more information. Not wanting to seem rude, George pocketed the paper and gave a polite thank you before promptly heading back to his tiny apartment.

*All sexes, all ages, and all bodies welcome.*

Okay. Well. Nice start.

The more George read over the information, the less scary the idea of nude modeling seemed. He'd be getting paid, too, and that was what really hooked him. Freelance coding for high schoolers with rich parents wasn't exactly the most stable income, and considering that he was an international student that had other expenses to pay too, George decided that it couldn't hurt to try it. He could always back out if it turned out he was uncomfortable, too, right?

So he emailed the professor who led the class, sent a few recent-ish photos of himself he'd scoured from his phone, and then closed his laptop, not wanting to overthink the whole situation - only to open it immediately after when he remembered he had a program to finish writing for class.

Sighing, George got back to his actual schoolwork. Whether or not he regretted sending the email was a problem for later-George to deal with. Present-George had a script to code.

...

His first time modeling went much better than George expected it to. The room wasn't cold, the heat had definitely been turned up for him, and the professor had instructed him to sit in whatever comfortable position he wanted, so overall? It hadn't been too bad.

Plus, he'd found that having all those people looking at him wasn't actually that scary. It was kind of nice, if he was being completely honest. No one was looking at him with any sort of judgement at all. They were referencing him to create something beautiful. If anything, it felt more like they were admiring him than anything.

More specifically, the admiration was coming from a kid who was sitting near the front. He was probably a year or two younger than George, with a head of dark blonde hair and a messy

smattering of freckles. Not bad looking at all, if he was being honest.

The guy was staring at him like he'd just performed a miracle or something, rather than the purely studious gaze most of the other students had given him. It was a little confusing, George didn't know what he'd done to make him look at him like that, but it didn't bother him too much. They made eye contact a couple of times, and George gave the guy a little smile, and that was that.

...

Except that that *hadn't* been that. George had been hired to model for a couple of weeks after that, the professor telling him he was a perfect model, and thankfully none of the classes conflicted with his schedule at all. He'd get his own classwork done in the afternoon, checking and re-checking the programs he wrote, before heading to the fine arts building in the evening to model. He'd found it almost stress relieving, just sitting there and spacing out for a couple hours. Plus, he was getting paid.

The same guy kept staring at him differently than everyone else did, and while it was a little strange, it was mostly endearing. George couldn't help but notice the guy's art, too; it always looked like he'd tried to capture as many details as possible, while all of the other students had just gotten down the basics. It was clear that he had a naturally artistic eye.

By the time George's time modeling for the class had come to an end, the guy had finally approached him. His shyness was sweet, and he couldn't help the way a part of him was just naturally drawn to him.

They exchanged numbers, and then he modeled for him privately, something he'd never expected to do, and the weirdest part? He actually enjoyed it.

Dream was the guy's name, and he was surprisingly easy to talk to once he got over his initial nerves. It was much easier to model for Dream alone, they could talk and laugh with no professor looming over them. Dream was much easier to work with, too, letting George take breaks from whatever pose he'd instructed him to sit in.

And getting to see Dream's work up close was incredible. When he was able to spend more time on his paintings, the details were so intricate and beautiful that they took George's breath away. He'd never met a person in his life who possessed that much artistic skill, that much talent, and who clearly cared so deeply about their work. And getting to watch Dream's often paint-covered hands work was magical. It felt weirdly special.

So George modeled for him for a few months. George usually considered himself a pretty reserved person, an introvert with just a few close friends, but talking with Dream just came easily. They talked like they'd known each other for years, despite having only known each other for a few months.

But then they started having sex.

It wasn't that George didn't like the sex, he loved it, and he knew Dream did too, but things had started shifting after a few weeks of sleeping together. What had started out as purely sexual interactions had started feeling more intimate. Instead of just going to Dream's apartment, modeling, chatting briefly, and then leaving, George would often stay late into the night after they'd fucked. Dream always let George use his shower if he wanted, and then they'd crash on the bed or couch until George felt like his legs had regained some strength.

And then he'd go home, and Dream would insist that he texted him once he was at his own

apartment safe, and no matter how many times he'd told him that, it always made something in George's chest feel funny. Like Dream was somehow reaching into his chest and squeezing his heart in one of his paint stained hands.

...

It'd been a completely regular visit so far. Dream had positioned George just how he wanted him to sit; a big, paint covered hand lingering for just a split second too long on his shoulder or cheek, and then he'd worked on a painting for a few hours.

Then he'd led George to the bedroom, all deep kisses and broad shoulders, skilled hands that were far too gentle for a man of Dream's size. Dream had laid him down and opened him up slowly on his fingers, kissing every inch of his skin, murmuring countless compliments and praises that had started to affect George in ways other than just turning him on.

It wasn't like George had never had sex before, but no one had ever treated him the way Dream did. He was so annoyingly sweet, so kind, thoughtful, that it made his stomach do flips. And he didn't just treat him like that in bed, either. Whenever they talked, whenever Dream insisted on getting George something to eat after hours of modeling, the eye contact they made after Dream showed him a finished painting, like he'd painted his most personal secret and *he'd just let George in on it, too*. His smile, the warmth of his voice, his hands, his *everything*.

Dream had wiped the lube off of his fingers and had just pulled his own shirt off when George jolted upright, a heavy knot settling in his churning stomach as a realization dawned on him.

Eyebrows knitting together, Dream knelt back down at his side. "Is something wrong?" He asked, his stupid warm voice filled with care and concern. It made George want to scream.

"No, just, uh, just remembered I had an assignment due tomorrow that I never finished. And I need to go... do that." He said quickly.

He tried to ignore the way it made his heart hurt when Dream's face fell. "Oh. That's okay."

George gave him a weak smile, scrambling out of bed to pull his boxers back on. "Sorry. I just completely forgot," He tried to explain, grabbing the closest sweatpants and hoodie he could find and getting dressed.

"No, don't worry about it, I get it," Dream shook his head, returning the smile with a small one of his own. George had to force himself to not stare at Dream's bare chest, ducking his head as he finished getting his clothes on.

"I'll see you on Friday anyway, right?"

"Oh, uh, yeah." Once George was finally dressed, he offered Dream one last quick smile before hurrying to leave.

"Text me when you—"

"I will."

Just his luck, though, George hadn't even realized that he was wearing Dream's clothes until he was at his own apartment.

...

The bigger issue, George found, was that Dream's clothes were comfortable. There were paint stains on the hoodie, little spots on the arms that had been bleached by the chemicals in Dream's nice paints. George would have found it annoying if it wasn't so stupidly endearing. It smelled good too, like a mix of the candle he often burned while working, dried paint (which should have been gross, but made George feel strangely fond), and something else that George couldn't quite place his finger on, something that he could only label as *Dream*.

So he accidentally fell asleep in it. He was tired and didn't want to think about how he'd left Dream hanging, plus he'd always considered himself a good sleeper, so it was only a matter of minutes before he was out.

The guilt only really set in once George woke up the next morning, still snuggled up in Dream's hoodie and too-big sweatpants. The worst part? Half of his brain was trying to tell him to keep the clothes on, because they were comfy and warm and he was still tired.

He *had* to though, it wasn't fair to Dream, the poor guy was probably wondering where his clothes were, and George needed to pick up his own clothes from Dream's apartment. He made the decision to throw them in the wash before swinging over to Dream's place to drop them off. It would be a short interaction, so he wouldn't have anything to worry about.

...

It was around noon when George had made his way over to Dream's apartment again, clean clothes folded in his backpack to give to him. It was a Thursday, and George remembered Dream mentioning that he only had evening classes on Thursdays, so hopefully he'd be home and George could get the whole thing off of his mind.

Thankfully, he was buzzed into the apartment building after only having to stand outside for a minute or two. The building attendant had come to recognize him, so he didn't have to wait for Dream to let him in. As he made his way up to the fifth floor, though, he began to have doubts about not texting Dream to let him know he was dropping by. What if he was in the middle of something? Oh god, what if he had someone over?

All rational thoughts flew out of George's mind as soon as he knocked on the familiar door.

Dream looked obnoxiously good when he opened the door, and a little smile spread across his face when he saw George standing there. He was wearing a t-shirt and gray sweatpants that George had to force himself to look away from. *Not now*.

"George?"

"Hi, er, I realized that I accidentally wore these home yesterday?" George said quickly, taking the folded clothes out of his backpack and offering them to Dream, giving him a tiny smile as he offered the clothes to him.

"Oh," Dream said simply, looking almost embarrassed as he stared down at the clothes in George's hands.

"I washed them for you, too, since I s- wore them." He managed to catch himself from admitting that he slept in the clothes, though he ducked his head to hide his face. The man had seen him naked, for God's sake, they'd had sex, why was he so embarrassed about this?

"Oh." Dream repeated, and yep, he was definitely embarrassed, George could tell.

"Well, uh, I'll just—"

“I was about to have lunch, actually,” Dream blurted out, interrupting him before he could finish, eyes growing wide like he hadn’t meant to say that out loud. “If you wanted to join me, I mean?” He caught himself quickly, giving George a clearly nervous smile. It reminded George of the way he’d smiled when they’d talked for the first time. *Cute. Wait. No. Not cute.*

“Um...” George was completely caught off guard. It wasn’t like they hadn’t spent time together that wasn’t spent painting and having sex, but eating a meal together? Without sex or anything as a prerequisite? The intimacy, or even worse, the romantic undertone of it was terrifying.

For just a split second, though, his mind wandered. Dream liked to give in bed, would he be like that in a relationship, too? He imagined a warm arm around his shoulders, sweet kisses pressed to the top of his head. Maybe Dream would like to give gifts, too, maybe he’d surprise George with flowers or chocolates or a nice dinner—

No. Absolutely not. Why was he even thinking about a relationship with him? He modeled for Dream, and they had sex sometimes, and they were friends, and that was it. There wasn’t anything else. And George was delusional for even letting himself think that there could be.

George quickly brushed the thoughts from his head. “You know, um, I’ve got to get going, actually.”

Watching the look on Dream’s face change made him feel like he’d just punched him in the face. He looked like a kicked puppy, pretty green eyes looking away from George’s.

“Sorry, I just - I have a program I really need to finish. I’ll be over tomorrow anyway, right?” George backtracked, feeling guilty, chewing on the inside of his cheek.

“Yeah.” Dream shrugged a little, clearly deflating.

They both stood there for a painfully awkward moment, and George almost wanted to go back and accept Dream’s offer, but the thought of doing anything that domestic scared the shit out of him. He *couldn’t*.

“Well, um. Here.” George shoved the clothes against Dream’s chest.

Dream took them, and before George could make himself feel even worse, he gave him a quick goodbye before turning to walk back down the hall. He couldn’t bring himself to look back, but he could practically feel Dream’s gaze burning into the back of his head.

...

Barely a day later, George was back at Dream’s apartment. He’d been positioned just how Dream wanted him, and the other man was clearly too focused to talk. It was sweet, the way his brows would furrow together and he’d get too in the zone to think about anything other than what he was painting. George was relieved, honestly, because after his unexpected visit and awkward interaction the previous day, he wasn’t sure how he’d talk to Dream without tripping over his words and somehow revealing that he felt something that wasn’t just platonic or sexual about him.

Because there was no way that Dream felt anywhere near the same, George was sure of it. Dream had expressed his attraction to George plenty of times in bed, sure, but it was in an artistic way. A sexual way. It wasn’t like the way George was attracted to Dream. There was just no way. Dream was way out of his league anyway - kind, attractive, artistic. George was just a nerd. A loser.

Okay. Maybe he should stop daydreaming when Dream was directly in front of him, so close he could smell the shampoo he used if he took a deep enough breath. Instead, he chose to focus on the

way Dream's steady hands worked, the way he would lean in close to the canvas before leaning back and glancing over at George to make sure he got a detail right, the paint dried under his nails and all around his hands that seemed to never disappear, the veins on his hands that George wanted nothing more than to kiss over and over.

*Shit.*

He just had to get rid of his stupid feelings. It couldn't be that hard, right?

...

Wrong. Completely and utterly wrong.

Tears clouded George's eyes as Dream rocked into him steadily, working a hickey into George's collar bone. George had thought that maybe having sex would knock him back to his senses, remind him of what him and Dream actually were, but it ended up doing just the opposite.

The kissing was getting to be too much for him, especially on the lips. It felt too intimate, too romantic, too difficult to kiss him without pressing as much emotion as he could behind it. Still, George willed himself to stay silent as Dream fucked him, squeezing his eyes shut and whimpering through his teeth as Dream bit harshly at his neck.

Dream apparently noticed, because he suddenly lifted himself up, reaching a warm hand up to cup George's cheek. "C'mon," He said breathlessly, "I want to hear you, George."

George could only whine, nuzzling into the comforting touch as Dream picked up his pace. If he opened his mouth, he was terrified that words would come tumbling out before he could stop them, confessions and admissions of feelings that he wanted nothing more than to push down and get rid of.

Instead, George parted his lips only to take two of Dream's fingers into his mouth, swirling his tongue around them and sucking as if his life depended on it. A guarantee that he couldn't say anything stupid in the heat of the moment.

"Fuck, you like my hands?"

George nodded vigorously, opening his eyes to look at Dream's face hovering above him. Normally, he would have made some comment about *why* he liked his hands, but lucky for him, his mouth was full.

At that, Dream groaned, snapping his hips harshly. "Good boy." George keened, willing himself to get lost in the pleasure and put his internal conflict aside.

He tuned into the dirty words Dream was whispering in his ear to try and ignore his own thoughts. He let Dream fuck him until his mind was blank and fuzzy, the only thing he was able to focus on being Dream inside him making him feel good. The pleasant mindlessness lingered until they both finally came.

Dream gently wiped them both off as best as he could with his discarded t-shirt, tossing it aside to deal with later, before falling onto the bed next to George.

"How was that?" Dream asked, a sheepish smile spreading across his face as he turned over to look at George, who was still trying to catch his breath.

George returned the smile easily, letting out a breathless little laugh. "It was good," He said.



Dream's smile grew before he leaned forward, cupping George's cheek, clearly making to give George one last kiss. It wasn't like that was unusual or anything, in fact it'd almost become routine to share a few more kisses while they both came down from their highs.

This time, though, George tilted his head up to avoid the kiss, lips pressing into a thin line, heart dropping into his stomach when Dream had moved forward. His throat went dry as he watched Dream's expression morph into one of hurt before quickly masking it with confusion.

Neither of them said anything as Dream backed away.

Guilt immediately washed over him. Not wanting him to get the wrong idea, George scooted forward, draping an arm over Dream's stomach and resting his head on his shoulder. Cuddling after sex wasn't unheard of, either, and George hoped that Dream would accept it as some kind of compromise.

"My throat hurts," George said quietly, glad that he wasn't in a position to make eye contact, "that's all." Some excuse.

Dream must have accepted it, though, even though it made no sense, because George felt a warm arm wrap around him, one of Dream's big hands covering practically his entire shoulder.

They laid like that for a few silent minutes, sitting right on the line of awkward and comfortable. After what felt like hours, Dream finally spoke up.

"So, uh, I've been thinking," He started, sounding more nervous than usual.

George only let out a soft hum, letting him know he was listening, once again not trusting himself to speak without accidentally letting something spill.

"There's an art exhibition coming up soon, it's an optional thing for my figure painting class? And I was, um..." Dream cleared his throat, and George could practically feel the other man's heart hammering in his chest. "I was just, I wanted to ask you first, since it's... paintings of *you*, if I could submit a collection? Of some of the pieces I've made of you, I mean?"

George was taken aback. He'd never heard Dream sound so nervous, and a pang of pity and something much more fond washed over him.

"Would a lot of people see them...?" He asked softly, eyebrows knitting together as he thought. He hadn't had an issue with modeling for a class of students, but the paintings that Dream had done of him alone felt different than that. They were special, intimate, things that had just been between the two of them.

"Um... it depends, I guess. Probably only, like, a hundred maybe?"

George blinked. He tightened his arm around Dream, chewing on the inside of his cheek nervously.

"You can use them," He decided after a moment of deliberation, not giving himself the opportunity to overthink and psych himself out. "Your work is really good, and you deserve to be able to show it off. It would be kind of selfish for me to say no."

"I don't want to force you or anything, I mean, it's *your* body," Dream started.

"You're not forcing me. I promise," George insisted. "I don't really know how art exhibits work, but I can help you pick out the pieces you want to use, if you want, too." He offered, shifting to sit up and make eye contact.

Dream still looked uneasy, so George laid back down, wrapping both of his arms around Dream's middle and resting his head on his chest. "You're really talented, Dream. You deserve to be able to show off your work. Really."

George couldn't help but smile a little when he felt Dream's arms hesitantly wrap around him. His own anxiety and feelings could come later, Dream's came first. Somehow over the past few months of spending time together, Dream had been becoming his first priority more and more. Part of it scared him. The other part made him want to get even closer to Dream.

"Thank you," Dream said quietly, hugging him tighter. George's heart clenched in his chest. He wanted so badly to lean up and kiss all of his worries away, to hold him impossibly closer and just tell him *everything*.

"Of course," George breathed out.

But he couldn't do that. He *couldn't*.

He felt Dream bury his face in his hair and take a deep breath. George swallowed, anxiety churning in his stomach.

He didn't want to ruin everything they had. And telling Dream how he really felt would do exactly that.

...

George waited outside of the building Dream had instructed him to, hands shoved into the pockets of his jeans. He was wearing his favorite crew neck, white collar peeking out from under the dark blue fabric. Even just the comfort of wearing his favorite clothes helped ease his nerves a little.

Why he was so nervous, though, he wasn't quite sure. It wasn't like he hadn't seen Dream's paintings before, and while the thought of other people seeing them was a little scary, there was another level of anxiety eating at him.

It was thankfully only a couple of minutes before he saw a familiar head of dirty blond hair.

Once Dream spotted him, he jogged over to catch up. The breathless little smile he gave him made butterflies erupt in George's stomach.

"Hi," George returned the smile without much difficulty, fighting the urge to reach over and run a hand through Dream's wind ruffled hair.

"Hi," Dream looked down, picking at some dried paint on his thumb. "So, uh... this is it, I guess? We can look at the other people's stuff first, and then we can see mine, since my collection is kind of near the back."

George nodded, watching Dream's hand for a moment before looking back up at his face. He looked nervous. George didn't blame him at all; it was his first time showing his works in front of that many people, he'd told him that a few days ago, but at least he had a reason to be nervous. It wasn't like people were going to be connecting George's face to the paintings, anyway, the point was to look at the art. Duh.

While George was lost in his thoughts, though, Dream had led him inside, bright windows on the roof illuminating the whole gallery. Immediately, George recognized a portrait of himself in the farthest corner, and he quickly looked away, face feeling incredibly warm.

He jumped at the feeling of a hand on his shoulder. Whipping his head around, George's eyes went wide when he realized that it was *Dream's* hand.

"Here, uh, let's look at these first?" He said quietly. George just nodded dumbly, unable to form any coherent thoughts or words.

The first collection was nice, George thought, though he wasn't exactly very well versed in judging art. Dream had murmured something in his ear about the use of color, though if he was completely honest, George wouldn't have been able to repeat what it was. He was too busy focusing on how close Dream had to stand next to him, the way he'd had to lean down to talk to him. He just nodded again, pretending that he was able to pay attention as they moved on to the next collection of paintings.

The more art they looked at, the more nervous George got. Dream kept leaning down to quietly make comments about each series, explaining the composition of particularly interesting pieces, his warm voice sending shivers down George's spine.

Each collection of pieces had a card with each artist's name and an explanation of the theme they'd created their pieces around. The closer they got to Dream's paintings, the more George wondered; what was the theme of Dream's collection? The only thing he was sure of was that he was the focal point of every painting, but besides that, he had no idea what Dream would have said about them.

Time stretched thin until the pair had looked at every other collection in the gallery besides Dream's. George could see Dream shaking out of the corner of his eye as they approached the corner.

Despite having seen all of the paintings before, George felt the air leave his lungs as he finally got a better look at the display. He willed himself not to look at the little paragraph under the first painting. Not yet.

They seemed to be presenting in chronological order - one of the oldest paintings Dream had done of him to one of the most recent. Under the bright lights of the gallery, all presented nicely, it was clear how not only Dream's art had improved, but also how much more familiar he'd become with George's body. It was beautiful. He didn't even have any other words.

George turned to give Dream a smile, feeling incredibly proud, although a feeling of anxiety still lurked beneath it. "They look great, Dream," He said softly, nudging him lightly with his elbow.

"Did you, um, read the plaque?" Dream asked quietly, only glancing up for a split second of eye contact. He looked like he was about to throw up from anxiety.

George's eyebrows knit together, confused, as his own nerves spiked. "No. Do you not want me to?" Why *wouldn't* he want him to? Had he said something he hadn't meant to?

"No, I - I do want you to. Just. Um. Yeah." George blinked, wanting nothing more than to take Dream's hand and kiss his cheek and tell him to stop being so nervous.

Saying a soft "okay" was all he did, though. Turning back to face the wall instead of Dream, he looked at the little card explaining the collection.

Artist's Name: *Dream*

Artist's Description: *My works didn't start out focused around love. Instead, they were merely appreciating beauty in an objective way, made with no feelings stronger than simple admiration. When you're a figure painting model, having to pose nude for an artist can feel vulnerable.*

*Sometimes, the artist starts to feel vulnerable, too. The way we look at each other changed, and we both felt it. Intimacy was new to us, yet it felt so right, and then the artist began to feel vulnerable again. The artist felt weak around the muse, he felt emotions that hadn't been there before. The emotions started to bleed into the paintings, and it made him wonder if the muse would ever notice. You never did, but that's alright, you've hardly been one to be in touch with emotions, whether it be mine or your own. But now, I think I've finally gathered up enough courage to spell it out for you. Even if I'm not sure if they're words you want to hear, I entered my works into this art exhibit to say them, and you deserve to hear it.*

*I love you, my muse.*

George had to reread the last five words again to make sure he wasn't hallucinating. Surely he was dreaming or something. Or Dream was messing with him. There was just no way.

Trying to swallow the lump in his throat, George turned to look at Dream, his stomach churning and heart hammering.

"Are you... do you mean this?" He asked, voice coming out much weaker than he'd intended it to.

Dream only nodded, keeping his gaze pointed at the floor. George was suddenly finding it difficult to breathe.

Unsure of what else to do, since they were still in public, he reached hesitantly out, taking Dream's trembling hand in his own. Dream's head snapped up, eyes going wide.

George gave him a small, nervous smile, squeezing his hand. "Let's get out of here, yeah?" He said quietly. Someone had to be the rational one.

They stepped outside hurriedly, George not releasing his death grip on Dream's hand. Thankfully there weren't too many people around, so they were able to find an empty bench by the sidewalk where they wouldn't be bothered. Although it wasn't the ideal place for having the talk that they were about to have, it'd have to do.

George cleared his throat nervously, looking down at their interlocked hands.

"Well, um. I... I wasn't expecting that." He let out a jittery, nervous little laugh. When he glanced up at Dream, the other man was staring at their hands too, a look of disbelief on his face.

"Like you said, I'm not really... good at... feelings and stuff, I guess," He started, voice hesitant. "But I, um, I actually... I've kind of had a - a crush on you, I guess?" He cringed. "Sorry, that's - that makes me sound like I'm a child, Jesus,"

Dream cracked a little smile though, squeezing George's hand encouragingly, and the butterflies that erupted in his stomach forced him to continue.

"I've been trying to tell myself that you weren't interested, and that you were too good for me or something? And I guess I was too busy doing that to notice that you, um," his breath caught in his throat, face growing uncomfortably warm, "that you felt that way for me."

Dream was silent for a second before he let out a laugh - a genuine one, too, slicing through the tension like a knife through butter. Confused, George just stared at him.

"George, I'm - I was convinced that *you* were too good for *me*. I... I still am, to be completely honest, but..."

George shook his head. "That's just - you're just gonna keep saying that, but I'm not. I'm just... a person."

Dream looked like he was going to say something else before settling. "Can I kiss you?" He asked softly, voice sounding warm and sweet.

George was absolutely sure that he'd never blushed harder in his life. He swallowed, scanning their surroundings before looking back down at their hands. *Dream's was so much bigger than his.*

"Can we go back to your apartment first?" He chewed on the inside of his cheek nervously. PDA had never really been his thing, he hadn't been very affectionate at all in his previous relationship, actually, but this was different. This was *Dream*.

Still, though, he didn't want to have their first romantic kiss outside of an ugly art building on a stupid bench.

"Yeah. C'mon." Dream stood up first, pulling George to his feet and giving his hand a little squeeze. If they walked a little too close on the walk back to Dream's building, neither of them mentioned it or complained.

As soon as they were inside Dream's apartment and the door had closed behind them, George grabbed the collar of Dream's hoodie to pull him down for a kiss. It was completely different than anything they'd ever done together, no desperate licking or biting, just sweet and simple. George felt like he was going to melt.

He reached a hand up to run through Dream's hair, settling on the back of his neck as Dream pulled away breathlessly.

"I feel the same. About, um, what you wrote at the end of your - the thing," George said awkwardly, shivering when Dream slid a hand down to rest on his hip. "I just, I can't..." He ironically struggled to articulate.

Dream silenced him with a quick kiss, smiling against his lips. "You don't have to say it," He assured him.

George's heart fluttered in his chest. How could one person be so annoyingly perfect? He let go of Dream's hand in favor of reaching up to cup his cheek, bringing him down for another kiss. This time, though, he nipped at his bottom lip, shuffling forward to press Dream up against the door.

He felt Dream smile against his lips as two big hands settled on his waist, gripping him tight as George deepened the kiss. Despite the obvious lust behind it, there was something else too, something that George had been too scared to let himself express before. Desire, but not in a way that was just sexual.

"Bedroom," George said breathlessly, gasping when he was suddenly swept off of his feet. Dream carried him bridal style into his bedroom, George clinging tightly onto his shoulders, before he was deposited onto the middle of the bed.

"Let me see you," Dream murmured, easily crawling on top of George and tugging at his shirt. Wordlessly, George squirmed to pull his sweater off, trembling fingers struggling momentarily with the button up underneath before he was finally shirtless.

Dream watched him with glassy eyes, like he'd never seen him naked before. He was like that every time he got undressed.

“You’re *so* pretty,” Dream whispered, leaning down and letting a warm hand delicately run up his bare side. “You have no idea how hard it’s been to not be able to kiss you every time you model for me.”

George shuddered, turning his head to the side to hide his face, red with embarrassment. “Really?”

“Really,” The taller man sat back on his heels momentarily to pull his own hoodie off before leaning back down to trail kisses along George’s neck.

“And it’s not just how you look, George,” He started, lifting his head to look at him. “You’re so nice to be around, you’re funny and sarcastic and kind all at the same time.”

George squirmed, wrapping his legs around Dream’s waist to try and distract himself from how awkward he felt. Dream praised him all the time in bed, but it had never been *that* personal before.

Dream let out a low chuckle, leaning down to darken up a fading hickey he must have left on George’s chest a few days prior, grinding their hips together in the process.

George whimpered at the friction, bucking his hips up. “Thank you? I - I don’t know how to... how to respond to that,” He admitted, wishing more than anything that he was in a position where he could hide his face in one of Dream’s shoulders.

“You don’t have to say anything, it’s okay,” Dream said reassuringly, letting a hand run up to George’s chest, a thumb brushing lightly over one of his nipples. “You’re perfect.”

George inhaled sharply, arching off of the bed into the touch. “Dream,” He breathed out.

Dream repeated the action, grinding their clothed erections together as he watched him.

George let out a soft moan, burning hot arousal mixed with shame shooting through his veins. “Dream, pants,”

Dream tsked, pinching his other nipple harshly. “What’s the magic word?”

Tears pricked at the back of his eyes as he squirmed. “*Please*, Dream, don’t tease me,” He begged.

“Good boy,” Dream praised, pulling back to get his own pants off. “But I can’t make any promises about that.” He grinned.

George whined but sat up too, scrambling to free himself of his jeans and boxers.

Once they were both completely naked, George pushed Dream back against the pillows with a surprising amount of strength he didn’t even know he possessed. He straddled Dream’s lap quickly, easily leaning down to kiss him.

“Fuck me,” George pleaded, pulling back to gaze at Dream’s kiss-swollen lips. He ran a hand down Dream’s arm to his hand, marveling at the size difference between even just their hands.

Dream leaned in to press a kiss to the corner of George’s mouth, letting the other man guide his hand to cup his ass. “I can do that.”

George reached over to the nightstand to grab the lube, hurriedly pressing the bottle into Dream’s hands before wrapping his arms around the other man’s broad shoulders.

Dream chuckled softly, chest running underneath George. “You’re so cute,” He said. The sound of the cap of the lube popping open made George whimper. Knowing that there wasn’t a single thing

that he had to hold back anymore had made him get all worked up even faster than usual, but he couldn't help it.

Big hands had spread George's legs further apart until he was more comfortably straddling Dream's lap. Then, finally, he felt a slick finger circle around his hole.

"Please, Dream, I need it," George squeezed his eyes closed, short nails digging into Dream's shoulders harshly.

Dream soothed him with a kiss to the forehead, free hand gripping the meat of his thigh as he pressed a finger into George's tight heat. George couldn't hold back the moan he let out at the feeling.

"Good boy," Dream said lowly, his voice comforting and gentle like a warm blanket. George whined at the praise. "And you're all mine, too, aren't you?"

He could only nod quickly, kissing and sucking at the side of Dream's neck to occupy his mouth as Dream started slowly pumping his finger.

"Say it, George." Dream ordered.

George whimpered, the noise catching in his throat. "'M yours," He mumbled, pressing his face into the crook of Dream's neck.

"There you go. Let me see your face, baby, wanna see how pretty you look."

George whined, but he lifted his head anyway, sure that his entire face had flushed bright red. Dream hummed, curling his finger expertly against George's prostate. He shuddered.

"You're so perfect. Fuck, George," Dream groaned, his big hand squeezing George's thigh.

George bit his lip, leaning his forehead against Dream's as he closed his eyes. "Your hands - your hands are so big," He breathed out.

"Yeah? Maybe you're just small, baby," Dream supplied, making George whine.

"I think you *like* being smaller than me. You like how I can take control and overpower you, don't you?" Dream taunted.

George squirmed as Dream pressed a second finger into him, wanting to hide his face. "I do," He admitted, face burning with embarrassment.

"Fuck, you should see how pretty you look. Maybe I'll paint you just like this, show you how perfect and ruined you look," Dream leaned in to suck a fresh hickey into the side of George's neck as he moaned.

"I need you to fuck me, please, Dream, *please*," George begged, mind already hazy with pleasure and desire. He earned a harsh slap to the inside of his thigh, causing him to cry out in shock.

"Be patient," Dream chastised, starting to scissor his fingers inside of him before adding another. "I'll fuck you when you're ready."

George blinked, tears pooling in his eyes. He'd cried during sex before, but it had never been this soon, and he'd never felt this overwhelmed. Both emotionally and sexually. He let out a weak sob, shoulders trembling as he collapsed against Dream's chest.

Dream immediately stopped his movements, clearly concerned at how hard George had suddenly started crying. “Hey, George, we can - we can stop if it’s too much, okay? What’s your color?” They’d picked up that system after a few weeks of sleeping together—it was easy to understand and worked well. Simple.

“Green,” George sniffled, taking a few deep breaths to try and calm himself. “I’ve never - I just feel, um. God, I just, I *really* like you,” He huffed out a weak little laugh, feeling pathetic for being so unable to articulate how he felt.

”Well, I think you’re in luck then, because I really like you too.” George could hear the other man’s smile as Dream wrapped an arm around him, hugging him firmly.

“Can you just fuck me?” George asked quietly.

Dream slowly pulled his fingers out of George, kissing the side of his head. “I didn’t stretch you out as much as I usually do. It’s gonna hurt more than usual, George.” He warned.

George just shook his head, face flushing as he lifted himself up to wipe his teary eyes. “I like it when it hurts,” He admitted, looking down.

Dream’s free hand had slid up to cup one of George’s cheeks, wiping his tears away with a thumb as he chuckled softly. “Okay. But you have to tell me if it gets to be too much, okay? Here,” He lifted George off of his lap easily, guiding the other man to swap positions with him and help him lay back against the pillows.

“I will.” George promised, getting comfortable as he spread his legs, settling down and rubbing his eyes one last time.

Dream gave him a sweet smile as he knelt between George’s legs, guiding them around his waist and leaning down to give him a gentle kiss. George melted into it, fisting his hands in the sheets as Dream pulled away. He watched with big eyes as Dream slicked his cock up, relishing in the groan the other man let out.

“Inside, please,” He pleaded, biting his lip impatiently and trying to pull himself closer to Dream.

“I got you,” Dream breathed out, gripping George’s hip as he guided his cock to George’s hole. He shuddered, closing his eyes and throwing his head back against the pillows.

Finally, *finally*, Dream pressed into him, filling him up inch by inch until his hips were flush with George’s ass and the burn from the stretch had more tears pooling in George’s eyes.

“Fuck... color, baby?” Dream asked, both of his hands resting possessively on his sides.

“Yellow, just - I just need a minute,” George panted, looking up at Dream earnestly.

Smiling softly, Dream leaned down and brought George in for a kiss, cupping his cheek before sliding his hand back to run through George’s hair. George melted into the touch, happy to kiss Dream until the pain had ebbed into something much more pleasurable.

“Green,” He said. Dream nodded, leaning back to get into a more comfortable position before starting to rock his hips.

“Harder, please,” George scrambled to take one of Dream’s hands in his own, interlocking their fingers and squeezing his hand tight.



Dream laughed breathlessly. "Hold on." He gave George's hand a little squeeze in return before gladly picking up the pace.

George moaned as Dream changed his angle, hips snapping harshly against his own. Everything felt so peaceful and fuzzy, his only thoughts being about wanting to be good for Dream. His back arched off of the bed in pleasure as Dream pounded against his prostate.

"Fuck! Dream," He cried, tears pouring down his cheeks as he gripped Dream's hand.

"You should see how gorgeous you look, George, all spread out and desperate like this," Dream groaned, leaning down to leave notes and marks all over George's neck and chest, like his skin was a canvas and he was creating art for everyone to see.

Even though it didn't feel like it had been very long, George found himself getting closer and closer to the edge. He let go of Dream's hand to reach down and stroke himself, only to have his wrist slapped away.

"You don't get to come yet, baby," Dream grunted, slowing down his thrusts until they were frustratingly shallow before stopping completely.

"I - but I've been good, Dream, please let me come," George babbled, more tears spilling from his eyes.

"You have to tell me something first, then."

"Anything! Anything, please," He begged, assuming that it would be something possessive about how he belonged to Dream, something along those lines.

"You have to say you love me." Dream said, and George let out a sob.

"Dream, I —"

"You told me you felt the same, George, and I want you to say it. Otherwise I'm not going to let you come."

George threw his head back against the pillows, crying and writhing around, trying to get Dream to move again, to touch him, anything.

"I can't! Dream, I can't, please," He sobbed, scrambling for Dream's hand again. The other man gladly let him take it, even giving his hand a little squeeze.

"You can't?" Dream asked, teasing tone not giving up. He was giving him a chance to safeword out, George knew, but he didn't want to.

"I..." George tried to swallow down the boiling hot shame that was bubbling up his throat, face burning with humiliation. He reached over to grab a spare pillow, burying his face in it as he mumbled out the quietest "I love you" ever muttered in existence.

"What was that, George? I couldn't hear you," Dream said, ripping the pillow out of George's grasp.

Squirming, George squeezed his eyes shut. His embarrassment was practically palpable, face so hot that if he hadn't already been crying he surely would've started.

"God, I - *I love you*, Dream!" He got out, forcing himself to open his eyes and look directly at

Dream.

Whatever torture he'd been put through was immediately worth it. The look on Dream's face alone was priceless; George had never seen him smile that big, and that paired with his messy hair and light sheen of sweat on his face? George had never seen anything more attractive in his entire life.

"Good boy," Dream praised, immediately snapping his hips forward harshly, fucking George just as hard as he wanted. "Fuck, I love you too. You're so perfect,"

George moaned, completely unashamed of how loud he knew he was being. "Close, I'm - God, I'm so close, please,"

Dream gripped his hips even tighter, undoubtedly leaving bruises in his wake. "Come with me, George, c'mon, you've been so good," He urged, letting one of his hands reach down to stroke George's neglected cock.

It only took a couple more thrusts until he felt Dream start to come, and George was right behind him, sobbing as he spurted onto his stomach, making a mess as he clenched desperately around Dream's cock.

Dream pulled out carefully, admiring the sight of George's spent hole before collapsing next to him, panting. George squeezed his legs shut, whimpering softly as he appreciated the feeling of Dream's warm release inside of him.

"You okay?" Dream asked breathlessly, reaching a hand over to push some of George's hair off of his sweaty forehead.

George nodded, turning his head to look at Dream with a tired smile, his mind still pleasantly fuzzy. "Feel kinda gross," He mumbled.

Dream cupped his cheek sympathetically. "Alright, just a second. Let me get a washcloth, okay?" George nodded, eyelids heavy as he watched Dream get up on shaky legs to go to the bathroom.

When he returned, George let him spread his legs to carefully wipe him clean, giving him another sleepy smile as Dream kissed his forehead.

When he returned from the bathroom again, George held out his arms, making grabby hands as Dream settled into bed, chuckling.

"Okay, okay, c'mere," Dream wrapped his arms around George, smiling fondly.

"That wasn't... too far or too much or anything, was it?" He asked after a moment.

George shook his head, playing idly with Dream's hair. "No, I liked it." He said, letting his arm fall and settling his head on the pillow next to Dream, their noses almost touching.

"Okay. Good. Because I - I really care about you, y'know, and I never want to push you or..."

"Shut up," George stopped him. "You're so stupid sometimes, you know that?" He couldn't stop a smile from spreading across his own face as Dream grinned.

"I know." He said, reaching up to cup George's cheek.

"I want to paint you like this," Dream said after a moment, voice much softer than George was expecting.

“You say that all the time,” He shrugged.

“I know, but... I really mean it right now. I think I actually will.”

“Why?”

“You just look... you look really happy. Beauty in vulnerability or something like that.” Dream explained, letting his thumb rub back and forth on George’s cheek.

George melted into the touch, heart feeling full in his chest.

“I love you,” He whispered, the words already coming easier than they had the first time. He could work on that, though. *They* could work on that. Together.

“I love you too.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!